

REAL ESTATE REVIVES AS AUTUMN ARRIVES

Over 100 Deals Consummated During the Past Week.

Real estate transactions for the week indicate a big revival in business for the fall months. With only five working days last week the business record shows eleven more sales than the last week of August. A total of 104 deals were effected in which 130 lots and parcels of land changed hands. Brokers are not expecting a big increase the first of the month, but look for a volume of business near the end, as inquiries, especially for newly completed houses are coming in rapidly.

Business for the week was evenly distributed, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday twenty sales each were reported. Outlying suburban property led the week, there being two more transactions than in the northwest section. The near urban district ranked third in business.

F Street Building Sold.

The biggest deal of the week was the purchase of a three-story brick building at 1311 F street northwest by Albert Carry, for a sum, as indicated by the revenue stamp, of \$80,000. The National Savings and Trust Company, as trustee of the estate of John W. Nairn, the deal was made through Joseph D. Sullivan, to whom the trust company conveyed the property. Mr. Sullivan placed the trust of \$80,000 on the property and then transferred it to Mr. Carry. The building will be remodeled immediately and leased to a merchant now located on the south side of the street.

One of the largest deals in residence properties during the year was made this week when Howard Schlacht conveyed to Bernard Meuser the stone residence at 224 Massachusetts avenue northwest, abutting Sheridan circle, for a consideration of \$77,000.

The loan market advanced about \$60,000 over the last week of August. About half a million dollars were borrowed on the security of 148 lots and at an average interest of 5.8 per cent.

Thirty-five apartments are being completed in the District with accommodations for 1,000 suites, which will make a total of about 1,500 suites that will have been completed during the year. The majority of this activity is in the north-western section.

D. J. Dunigan has just completed three residences for small families on Brown street, near Thirty-fourth street northwest. They contain six rooms and bath, cellar under entire house, large pantries, gas and electricity. They are built of red Harvard brick with limestone trim and overhanging the roof and stone verandas. The lots are 18 feet by 100 feet depth to a paved alley.

MR. MOTORISTS:

Do you know that 15,000 people turned out to see the Automobile Races at Benning last Monday?

Do you know that the National Motor Speedway Association is being formed in this city to purchase the Benning track and install a modern Motor-drome, where several big racing events will be staged every year?

We propose to have, in addition to the race track, a country club, with golf course and many other features, which will prove of interest to the motorists. The organization is to be one of active membership only—it is not a stock jobbing proposition.

A letter, postal or telephone call will bring the full particulars.

Address the National Motor Speedway Association, Room 314, the Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C. Tel. Main 1124.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
President.

12 YEARS TO GO 12 MILES.

Letter Finally Delivered After Mysterious Lapse of Time.

Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 9.—Twelve years to travel twelve miles was the time required for a letter in Indiana County. Glad Hair, of Smickburg, wrote a letter to his sister, Mrs. Clark Wilson, in Punkatowney, in 1904.

He received no reply and the incident was forgotten until a few days ago, when the delayed missive was delivered to Mrs. Wilson at her home. Where the letter was during the twelve years has not been learned.

THIRD INFANTRY GAINS NECESSARY STRENGTH

Only One Man Needed to Complete District Quota.

The Third Infantry of the District National Guard was reported yesterday afternoon to Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood by Capt. Horace Hobbs, mustering officer, as up to minimum strength and fully equipped for the border.

Battery A, which now lacks but one man, will probably be reported as ready today, and as Troop A and the detachment of colored recruits on Friday was reported ready to move, all District troops are now practically ready to move to the border.

"I have no doubt as to the District troops going to the border," Capt. Horace Hobbs said yesterday. "The War Department says that the original orders of Secretary Baker to send the troops to the border as soon as ready, still stand."

He stated that it would not be until Tuesday or Wednesday at least that the moving orders would arrive, as Gen. Funston must let Gen. Wood know where he wants the troops sent, and this notification will take several days.

NEW YORK HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York, Sept. 9.—The following Washingtonians were registered at New York hotels today.

Grand—F. J. Chapin.
Longacre—M. A. Coleman.
Cumberland—W. C. Martin.
Martha Washington—Mrs. M. A. Matthews, Mrs. S. W. Terry.

Gregorian—Miss B. Barker, Miss M. Barker, J. F. Moore.
New York—Miss J. Chandler.
Herald Square—W. L. Elliot, H. B. Shirk.

Park Avenue—E. C. Bates.
St. Denis—Miss E. M. Riley.
New Strand—B. Wise.
Arlington—L. D. Wolcott.

The CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, from the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph.

(Copyright, 1916, by Consolidated Film Corporation.)

Harold Stanley, cub reporter for a New York daily owned by his father, is interested in the daughter of Dr. Montrose, who has spent his life perfecting a machine to rejuvenate and make over humanity. Stanley has been working on the Crimson Stain mystery, in which fourteen murders have been committed, all in the same way. The victims had been robbed and strangled by thin hands of superhuman power. The only evidence the police have is that of the murdered man before he died.

Dr. Montrose had before this perfected and tried his machine on four patients. These people at first became super-beings, with a wonderful mind and great strength. Later he notices that they have developed abnormal criminal powers, especially Pierre La Rue, the leader, and Vanya Tosca, a vampire. Dr. Montrose keeps the secret, and it breaks his health. Harold's father is murdered while visiting Dr. Montrose. This is the fifteenth of the murders, and Harold swears to track down the murderer.

CHAPTER II.

"In the Demon's Power."

The first step taken by Harold Stanley toward tracing the man who had murdered his father was the quadrupling of the reward the New York Examiner had offered for a solution of the Crimson Stain Mystery.

Taking his place at the head of the Examiner, Harold directed the campaign in person, spending thousands of dollars weekly in search of the murderer. In a calmly business-like fashion the young man was seeking to fulfill his oath to justice the man who had killed his father.

Thanks to him, there was no man or woman or child in New York who did not know that the killer's eyes were tinged with a deep red stain and that his fingers were long, slender and abnormally strong.

These were the only absolute facts which Stanley had gained. And he made the most of them until it was actually unsafe for any man with bloodshot eyes to walk abroad in the streets lest he be arrested on suspicion.

The Examiner's campaign against the Crimson Stain gang waxed hotter and hotter every day. Instead of allowing the case to simmer down and to go as last into the limbo of "Unsolved Mysteries," Harold scourged the police and the public into more and more activity as time went on. Other papers followed his lead.

Pierre La Rue at first listened with amusement to the echoes of the hue-and-cry, deeming himself as safe as a fox in a den. He laughed at Parish's impotent fury over the campaign. Sneeringly, he soothed the growing terror of the rest of his followers.

But as the hunt increased in fervor even La Rue began to grow nervous. And he sent out a call for certain of his chosen lieutenants to meet him one night at the Crimson Stain headquarters.

To the council came Vanya Tosca, Tanner and the Masked Demon. Pierre nodded carelessly in response to their half-circling salutations as he entered the big bare room. Then he spoke briefly and to the point.

"When I put the finger necklace on Jerome Stanley," he said, "it was the first time I had given that ornament to any one except for money. I did it to stop the noise his paper was making about us. But his son is too noisy. And the police may blunder in on us some day, if he keeps on. So he must go. That's decided."

He looked across to where Vanya Tosca sat.

"I told you to meet Robert Clayton," he said, "because Clayton is young Stanley's chum and goes often to the studio. Did you meet him?"

"Meet him?" echoed Vanya with an amused little laugh. "I most surely did. I went to him last week to ask for work as a model. I happened to be just the type he wanted for a 'Delilah' painting he is at work on for the academy. He engaged me the minute he saw me. I met Harold Stanley there the other day, too."

"Good," vouchsafed Pierre. "Did you make Clayton fall in love with you as I told you to?"

"That was the very easiest bit of work you ever assigned me to," she laughed. "He is a susceptible boy. And before the end of the first sitting he was staring at me like a sick calf."

"Then you can bring him over?"

The confident smile faded from Vanya's too-red lips.

"No," she said in chagrin. "I can't." "Can't?" rapped Pierre, "why not?"

"He lent that sort-of sort," she said. "Well, if we can't bring him over he'll have to go under the door. Do you know when Stanley visits him?"

"I know when he is going to," she made ready answer. "He is to be there at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Good," approved Pierre, once more adding, "You are certain?"

"Yes," answered Vanya. "I went today to Dr. Montrose for more—or more."

"Yes, I know. Well?"

"As I came downstairs from the laboratory I heard Florence Montrose talking on the veranda with Harold Stanley and Clayton. She was asking Clayton to paint her portrait as a surprise for her father's birthday next month. She is to have the first sitting at 3 o'clock tomorrow at Clayton's studio. And Stanley is coming to see the portrait started. He said he'd surely be there at 3."

"And I'll see that the Montrose chauffeur gets her there fifteen minutes late," said La Rue.

Robert Clayton's studio was on the top floor of the old-fashioned Parkside Studio Building. Here, early the next afternoon, the artist was busily arranging his easel and his model chair, with a view to the best light effects, and was working some brushes and mixing several tube colors on a palette. He glanced up in expectation as the studio door opened. But as he saw Vanya Tosca's supple figure framed in the doorway, his look of expectancy changed to a slight frown of annoyance.

Noting his change of expression, Vanya moved slowly forward into the room, asking timidly:

"Aren't you glad to see me? Am I too late, or anything?"

"Too late?" he repeated, "why you're not due here at all today. Your sitting is for 3 o'clock tomorrow."

"Oh!" she cried in childlike disappointment; then—she is prettier than I am."

"She is—she is different," he evaded. "She is small and slender, with big, dark eyes and masses of dark hair and—"

"Then she is prettier than I am," pouted Vanya, her rich voice breaking. "And you'd rather paint her than me?"

"Nonsense," Clayton reassured her. "No one on earth is prettier than you, Vanya. But this is a portrait I have a commission to paint."

"If you'd rather spend this beautiful afternoon painting a silly portrait than to go on with our 'Delilah' picture," she flared indignantly, "why, go ahead and do it. But after this you can get some other girl to pose for your 'Delilah.' I'm not coming back."

Accustomed as he was to the vagaries of his temperamental models, Clayton was amazed by this petulant outburst. Before he could protest, Vanya had flounced

out of the room, slamming the door loudly behind her.

"The crouching figure of a man," "Ready?" she whispered. "He'll probably follow me out here to beg me not to be angry."

Tanner nodded, gripping a revolver club-was by the barrel and tensing his muscles for a spring.

But Clayton did not come out into the hall. He started distressedly after the departed model for an instant, then muttered:

"If I go after her she'll make a scene in the hall just as Florence is arriving. I'll drop her a line tonight instead."

"He turned to his easel. The next moment Vanya had run lightly back into the room and had slipped between Clayton and the nearest window so that, facing her, his back was to the door.

"I'm sorry," she pleaded contritely. "Please don't be so angry. It's only—it's only that you've made me care so much—I—I—"

Her self-control gave way. She broke into a fit of hysterical weeping. Her outflung arms clasped themselves spasmodically around the astonished painter's neck, holding him helpless by the strangling intensity of their clinging grasp.

And before the dumfounded man could speak or stir Tanner was upon him.

Slipping into the studio behind Vanya, the Crimson Stain henchman waited only until the girl had securely seized Clayton in her strong, willowy arms. Then, carefully aiming his blow, Tanner brought down his revolver butt with all the trained force of his arm muscles upon the artist's left temple.

Clayton slumped to the polished floor without word or cry, his senses clean gone, and without having seen or heard his assailant.

Before Clayton's inert body had fairly struck the floor Tanner and Vanya were leaning above him deftly binding and gagging the senseless man. This achieved, they lifted the unconscious body across to a divan, thrust the divan forward a foot or two and dropped Clayton into the space between the divan back and the wall.

"We've no time to waste," said La Rue, coming to the door from the hall. "The Montrose chauffeur didn't get my message. He's coming down the block now with Florence in the car a quarter of an hour ahead of time. I saw him from the hall window."

"We are to do with her?" exclaimed Vanya in panic. "Stanley's not here yet. We can't treat her as we've treated Clayton. At least," she hesitated, looking questionably at La Rue, "I suppose we can't."

"No," he decreed with no hesitation at all. "Our strongest hold over Montrose is his daughter. But for her he'd turn desperate, instead of giving it to us. He might even kill himself. And then the Crimson Stain would be a drug. There is a safer, easier way to take care of her."

A quick, soft footstep sounded in the hall outside. Tanner at a gesture from Pierre slipped out into the hall, and with the aid of a porter, who was strolling past Florence Montrose and on toward the head of the stairs. There he paused and looked out of the window. In the street below stood Dr. Montrose's black car. Drawing up to the curb behind it was a gray motor, from which Harold Stanley was just descending.

Vanya, in obedience to a word of La Rue's, slipped into Clayton's dressing-room. Florence, at the same moment, tapped at the studio door.

"Come in," called La Rue.

She entered, and taking a step or two into the room, glanced around her. The door was shut and locked as she did so. Standing with his back against it, Pierre La Rue faced her, smiling slightly, his arms folded.

At a sight of him Florence gasped in unbelieving horror. Again she was looking into the eyes which for weeks had haunted her in nightmares, the eyes which had then been suffused by the Crimson Stain.

Now as she looked she saw La Rue's eyes gradually redden until they gleamed like hot coals.

"I—I came to see Mr. Clayton," she forced herself to stammer. "As he is not here, I won't wait."

"Miss Montrose," he said suavely as, after the first step, she paused irresolute and trembling, "you and I have met once before. I think, in your father's very beautiful old home at Riverside, the night when Jerome Stanley had the misfortune to—"

"To be murdered by you!" she flashed back, her dread of the man overcome for the moment by a gust of loathing. "I saw you with your fingers about his throat—with your eyes as red as a rabid beast's!"

"I thought so," he replied. "I was almost certain of it. But there was some slight doubt. You see, all women—especially in moments of fright—are not so observant as you. There was a chance you did not see my face long enough that night to remember. That is why I waited today to see if you would know me. I saw you as you came in just now. I am sorry, but you leave me no alternative."

"WP—what do you mean?" she faltered, her throat sanded with terror, her lips dry.

"I mean this, Miss Montrose," he returned, speaking very slowly, almost solemnly. "You are the only person in the outer world who has looked into the face of the man they call 'The Crimson Stain' and lived. But it is not safe to let you go free with such dangerous knowledge. I—"

She screamed aloud in stark horror as he moved toward her.

Her scream penetrated the heavy outer door and into the hall. It reached the ears of Tanner, who crouched listening at the keyhole. It reached Harold Stanley, who was hurrying along the hallway.

Stanley broke into a run as he recognized Florence's voice, and as he ran he called out reassuringly to her.

Out of the hallway shadows as he ran forward a figure launched itself upon him.

Tanner, realizing that but for himself Harold must presently burst into the room and confront both Pierre and Florence, had taken matters into his own hands.

He knew that by daylight and in fair combat Pierre La Rue would be no physical match for so renowned an athlete as Stanley. It had been their intent to attack Harold together from behind while he should be in talk with Vanya, and Vanya, if possible, was to have aided them by twining her arms around Stanley as he had about Clayton.

Thus handicapped, Harold would have been an easy victim for the "finger necklace," supplemented if need be by a tap from Tanner's pistol butt.

Tanner and Tanner alone, could save the day by holding him off until La Rue could dispose of Florence and come out to finish the killing of the man he had doomed to death.

Wherefore, Tanner sprang to the attack, not because he craved a second encounter with the man who had once dislocated his shoulder blade, but because there seemed no other way to prevent La Rue's plans and his own from going to pieces.

Tanner seized Harold by the throat from behind as he sprang. But if he sought to duplicate La Rue's success in such maneuvers he was speedily undeceived.

There was no flabby, middle-aged man like most of the Crimson Stain victims. Nor was Tanner, strong as he was, a second La Rue in dexterity and strength of grip. Moreover, the light was bad and Harold was in swift motion.

For these very good reasons the throat grip was a lamentable failure.

Harold, feeling Tanner's stubby fingers encircling his neck from the rear, adopted a very simple and very effective trick known to all wrestlers and to most all-around athletes.

Throwing back his own arms, without turning his body, he caught his assailant by the throat and shoulder and with a mighty heave of the arm and a doubling of the body, sent Tanner hurtling forward and to the floor in front of him.

Tanner, shooting through space as if from a catapult, fell with a crash that shook the very walls.

Jarred, breathless, but still full of fight, Tanner rushed in to grapple his opponent. He met the rush with an uppercut that missed Tanner's forehead and landed heavily on his cheek bone. Half-dazed and with his head buzzing like a beehive, Tanner ran in and clinched, gaining the terribly effective underhold on his opponent.

Seeking to break Stanley's back with this hold, he braced his feet, drove his chin into the hollow between Harold's shoulder and neck and tugged forward with both hands he had clinched in the small of Stanley's back.

As a rule this hold when fully gained by a strong man results in one of two things—either the victim's spine snaps or wrenches, or else the unlucky man is wrenched into surrender. It is a grip well known to wharfside fighters and their like.

Harold Stanley, however, had no idea either of surrendering or of going through life with a wrenched back. With a twist of his feet he broke the "brace" of Tanner's foothold on the floor, and with a simultaneous heave to one side threw the man off his balance.

Forced to shift his grip in order to save his equilibrium, Tanner relaxed for an instant his underhold. It was that moment Harold nimbly wriggled out of danger and planting a blow square in the center of Tanner's face, sent him spinning backward and groping wildly at the side walls of the stairway to restore his balance.

Down the short hallway, toward the stair head, raged the unequal fight. For now Harold had a definite purpose in view. And toward the furtherance of that purpose he was driving his adversary.

In vain Tanner tried to block or duck the whirlwind of blows. In vain he sought to clinch or stand his ground. He was no match for the doughtiest, all-around athlete of Harvard's last four years.

The time was summer. The day was Saturday. Hence, practically every studio in the building was vacant. Such few tenants on lower floors as heard the conflict fancied it a good-natured rampage on the part of some of the building's kayer artists.

But the janitor, a cranky old fellow, awakened from his afternoon snooze by the racket, drowsily decided that a riot was in progress in the upper stories. And he waddled forth, blinking, to find a policeman.

And now, in his merciless drive, Harold Stanley had backed his face to the very summit of the stairs. The fight went down steeply for fifteen steps to the landing below.

With a final sledge-hammer blow in the mouth, Stanley sent Tanner reeling backward over the stair edge.

Down the flight of fifteen steps tumbled the beaten man, his head striking the next lower landing with a bang that knocked his wits out of his thick skull.

Such men as Tanner do not lie unconscious for more than a very few seconds

when hit by anything less—formidable than a pile driver.

But Harold did not stop to consider this. There lay his antagonist apparently lifeless on the landing below him. And the way was clear to Clayton's studio.

With a sick dread in his heart Harold dashed again into that silent studio. The scream had not been repeated.

Pierre La Rue had heard his henchman attack Harold. His super-quick wit had explained to him the whole situation in a flash. And he laid his plans with equal swiftness.

There was no longer a chance of killing Harold Stanley today. The best that La Rue could hope for would be to escape in safety and to prevent Florence Montrose from betraying him.

Accordingly, even as her lips were parted for a second cry for help, he leaped at her and caught her by the shoulders, bringing his face close to her own.

And the look in his red-stained eyes glared as though his terrible gaze would pierce to her very soul. All his abnormal power in mind and will power were concentrated into that silent stare.

Florence, in terror, sought to remove her glance from his. She could not. Even as the serpent charms the bird into helplessness, so Pierre La Rue's eyes and his uncanny will power held Florence spell-bound.

Her widening gaze became dull. Her eyes glazed. Her tense body relaxed and would have sank limply to the floor had La Rue not upheld it.

Enough the dressing-room doorway at the locked door. And the stout oak shivered under the impact. Vanya came running in from the dressing-room in panic at the sound.

A second thrust of the giant shoulders and the heavy door leaped bodily on its hinges, while one of the thick panels split from top to bottom.

La Rue picked up Florence's unconscious body in his arms and ran toward the dressing-room.

"There's a door in the room beyond that leads out to the hall!" Vanya cried to him as he passed her.

A third crash, with the whole weight and power of Harold Stanley's body behind it, smashed the lock and sent the studio door flying inward.

Harold burst into the room, all but falling on his face from the force of his own impetus. But Pierre had vanished through the dressing-room doorway.

A single sweeping glance showed Harold that the studio was deserted. He saw the open door leading into the dressing-room, and dashed toward it.

On the threshold he all but collided with Vanya, who came strolling out from the dressing-room, yawning as she came.

"Why, Mr. Stanley?" exclaimed Vanya, "what on earth are you doing here? Are you waiting for Mr. Clayton, as I am? I got tired waiting and went into the next room for a nap. There's a couch there, and I was sleepy. So I—"

"Where is she?" demanded Harold, recovering from his bewilderment. "Is she there?"

"Is who in where?" asked Vanya, apparently puzzled by the shouted question. "If you mean in the dressing-room, no one is there. I—"

"I heard her cry out," he insisted, thrusting his way past her into the dressing-room.

The room was empty. The door leading into the hall was closed. Vanya followed him, laughing.

"You explain the cry you heard," she volunteered. "Though I am ashamed to I had a bad dream and woke myself screaming and—"

"It was not your voice!" he declared. "It was hers."

"Hers?" she asked, amusedly.

He did not answer. He was utterly dumfounded. He could have sworn he had heard Florence Montrose scream for help. He had burst in the door, and now he was confronted by this smiling, charming model, who was very evidently the sole occupant of the suite.

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Orders Colonel Home.

Orders for the return to this city of the First Regiment of Engineers now stationed on the border are looked for at an early date. Col. Mason M. Patrick, commanding the regiment, has been ordered home to assume command of the Engineer School and the Washington Barracks. This order is accepted as a forecast for the return of the regiment.

SAYS WAR HAS FORCED AMERICA TO PREPARE

London Times Declares Strife Has Strengthened U. S.

(By the International News Service.)

London, Sept. 8.—The United States has not only been enriched by the war, but has gained scientific information that will be of incalculable value if the country is ever attacked, says the London Times today. Part of the article, which is entitled "America and Munitions," follows:

"The war has enriched the United States with a new and vital industry. It has laid the foundation of its present prosperity and has shifted the whole balance of international commerce and finance enormously to the advantage of America."

"But above all else it has immeasurably strengthened America's capacity for defense. It has enabled America to gather experience that will prove, when her hour strikes, an asset of incomparable value and potency."

"The plants erected to fill our orders, the labor trained, and the skill and knowledge amassed are so many national advantages that cannot be improved and cannot be replaced. Working for themselves and the allies, the American manufacturers have been working for their country also."

A building at Seventh avenue and Forty-ninth street, New York, fourteen stories high, is devoted to nothing but motion film concerns.

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Wonderful Rapidity of Stuart's Calcium Wafers in Coursing Through the Blood and Removing Impurities.

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